

are 16,159 Post offices; in France, 3,585; in Great Britain, 11,723,737, which mails transported annually, the British post office number in the United Kingdom, exceed 60,000,000, our population is but half that of France, and of Great Britain; thus so much greater than Britons are unequalled in their safety, and may not safely infest us, as are less used by us, and at cheap rates of

MASSACHUSETTS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF FARMERS AND MECHANICS, AT QUINCY HALL, SOUTH

NO. 8.

PUBLISHED BY

W. & W. J. BUCKMINSTER.

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AGRICULTURE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[For the Ploughman.]

MAKING MANURES AND MAKING PROFITS.

MR. EDITOR.—Can I receive through your valuable columns, information that I can rely upon, as to the most judicious method of managing manure?

Mr. EDITOR.—After the above organization, the subject for discussion, which was raised, was the subject of a lively discussion ensued. All present were pleased, and at 9 o'clock the meeting adjourned to meet again on week.

Dover, Jan. 16th, 1849. E. P.

acres he may have 200 bushels of corn just as well as to have 100, when the season is as good for corn as it usually is. He may have five cords of good manure per acre, and ten bushels of ashes. With these 200 bushels he may fatten much pork or beef—that is, finish the fattening after grain fed, and the feed of cheap articles that come from the dairy, &c. [Editor.]

[For the Ploughman.]

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF DOVER.

MR. EDITOR.—The farmers of this town held a meeting last evening and adopted a Constitution for an Agricultural Society, reported by a Committee, chosen at a previous meeting. The following officers were chosen: Calvin Richards, Esq., President; Charles Ford and Capt. T. Allen, Vice Presidents; Elijah Perry, Secretary; Wm. Cleveland, Treasurer; D. Mann, Ass't Secy.; D. C. Bigelow, Maj. J. Allen, George Cleveland, Ralph Battelle, John Battelle, and H. W. Jones, Directors. After the above organization, the subject for discussion, which was raised, was the subject of a lively discussion ensued. All present were pleased, and at 9 o'clock the meeting adjourned to meet again on week.

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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

SATURDAY MORNING, JAN. 27, 1849.

William Buckminster, Editor.

SECOND AGRICULTURAL MEETING IN THE STATE HOUSE.

Hon. Col. M. Wilder read a short address at the opening of the meeting. He said no soil was so fertile as not to require manure; it was not inexhaustible. And it is the business of the farmer to know how to procure and apply the substances that were needed with proper economy.

He had nothing to say against the importance of stable manures, but he offered other manures cheaper. He had tried other kinds, as peat, muck, bones, ashes, and charcoal. He could procure a cord costing but five dollars. This charcoal secures the gas rising from the heap. Charcoal may not be itself a manure, but it may act as a medium for conveying it to plants. Combined with stable manure he found the above named ingredients excellent.

He showed some sheets that had grown on some trees in pond late in the season. Some shoots were four feet long and remarkably thrifty. He spoke of a N. York farmer, Mr. Will, who had grown very great crops of wheat (50 bushels per acre) by using charcoal with his manures. This was the published account. He quoted an English farmer who uses no other manure but charcoal and lime. Charcoal is remarkable for neutralizing all the colour arising from manures, and retaining them for the use of plants.

Mrs. Techemaker was invited by the President to make remarks. Mr. T. said it was important to understand the nature of the soil, the nature of manures, and the nature of plants. Phosphorus of lime had removed soils in England that had become quite barren by village, where common stable manures would not. Sand tends to make strong stalks. Potash is necessary to spread on soil. But clay contains potash, and hence the importance of uniting sand with clay. Clay is a peculiar substance. It is most powerful to hold the ingredients that are mixed with it. Clay is very hard to be washed out.

Clay is good in compost heaps, and is better after being sifted than before. Charcoal is not always to be had, but clay is common, and in some degree answers the purpose of charcoal.

He said our various kinds of soil caused our variance in opinion regarding their cultivation and the application of manures. The excrements of animals are valuable in all soils. All agree in their value. Yet all do not apply them alike, for various soils must be treated differently. Experience must determine these questions. More book farmers know but little.

Mrs. Buckminster wanted to know if there is full evidence that eighty bushels of wheat had been grown on an acre. He knew that such statements had been made and published. It was asserted that some of the N. York papers had told of 175 bushels of corn grown on a single acre; but he could not credit such accounts. He did not wish to see such stories go forth from these meetings. Probably the land was not accurately measured—or perhaps one square yard was taken and a multiplication by the number of yards in an acre.

Mrs. Lest Eartlett of N. H. said Mr. Pell of N. York had published a full account of his wheat crop of 80 bushels per acre—and Mr. B. seemed to wonder why any one should have doubts about the statement. Mr. B. said his profits were always in proportion to the amount of labour he used. If the whole product from the land should be returned back to the soil would not be exhausted. He compared the liquid manures from animals to the solid matter. Chemists had found that a much greater amount of salts could be extracted from the liquid than from the solid, the proportion was as 13 to 24 parts of salts. He said Mr. Engleby was the man who had practiced using liquid manures.

Mrs. Techemaker said although there was a good deal of interest in the discussion, it was not so well attended as she expected.

Mr. Techemaker said a meeting was to be held in Boston, and although it was a good one, it was not so well attended as she expected.

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[For the Ploughman.]
AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY
OF THE COUNTY OF NORFOLK.

The undersigned, considering it of the greatest service to the CULTIVATORS of the EARTH, as well as to every other class of men, the AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY should be formed in the COUNTY OF NORFOLK, respecting the right that all such persons in the several states, may be disposed to co-operate in the establishment of that very desirable object.

Mr. King of Alta, Mr. Butler S. C. Mr. Berrien of Gees, and Mr. Douglass, of In., advocated the printing. It was customary and due to the printing of the resolutions.

Mr. Hall of Mo. made a few pertinent remarks in opposition to the bill. It favored commercial and manufacturing men, and not the people of California. First let them give the Californians a Government, and then it would be time enough to consider the Revenue Laws.

Mr. Davis of La., made a characteristic speech against printing the resolution. It was full of warmth and grotesque gestation. He thought that the union was in immediate danger. He said the South could not longer endure her grievances.

He had been asked what right the South had been deprived of. He replied—the right to reclaim fugitive slaves. This constitutional provision he said had become a dead letter. This was one among the many grievances complained of.

Mr. Niles of Conn., Mr. Felch of Mich., and Mr. Baldwin of Conn., made remarks to show that so just right had been withheld from the South, Courts were free and open at the North for Southern citizens to prosecute their rights in regard to Slavery—that the Governors and State functionaries afforded all the facilities for the re-capture of Slaves escaped from service. The Yeas and Nays were ordered on printing the Resolutions and stood as follows.—

X 45. Aye. No. 57. Nays. Total 102.

The Senate then took up the California bill. Amendments were offered by Messrs. Foute and Turney, which were not read.

After the transaction of some other unimportant business, the Session adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE. On Mr. Flournoy's motion the Territorial bills for the establishment of Government in California and New Mexico, were made the order of the day for Tuesday week, Jan. 30, and to continue the order of the day, except on Friday and Saturday, until disposed of.

Mr. Hilliard of Ala., moved to suspend the rules, in order that he might introduce two Ter-

ritorial bills, of which he had previously given notice. On the question of suspending the rules the Yeas and Nays were demanded and decided in the negative, by yeas 61, nays 110.

Petitions were presented by Mr. Wilson, from the N. H. Legislature respecting Slavery.

Mr. Flournoy moved to suspend the rules in order to introduce a bill for retarding the District of Columbia to Maryland. The question of suspension was taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the negative, by yeas 77, and nays 114.

On motion of Mr. Gaines of Ky., the bill granting Daniel Drake Henry \$2,000 and the sections of land, for services in the Mexican War was taken out of Committee of the Whole and passed. The yeas and nays were demanded and the vote stood, yeas 122, nays 55.

On motion of Mr. Vinton the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Mexican War of which it had just now taken up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill. A variety of amendments were offered and considered, when the Committee rose and reported progress.

Mr. Gaines asked leave to introduce the petition of Cyrus Hill and others of the city Government of Washington, praying the abolition of the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia.—Objections being made, Mr. Gaines withdrew his motion, when the House adjourned.

TUESDAY, Jan. 23.

IN SENATE. Mr. Bress admitted a series of resolutions passed by the Legislature of Illinois, in favor of reducing postage on letters to the uniform rate of five cents, and recommending similar reductions in the postage laws. The resolutions were referred to the committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

Mr. Dickinson presented a memorial in behalf of an individual by the name of Bush, who had been imprisoned in the island of Cuba praying that Congress may take measures to secure his release. After some discussion, a resolution calling on the President for any correspondence he may have in his possession relating to the Bush was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Dix, the Senate took up the bill providing for a reciprocity of trade between the United States and Canada. Mr. Dix made a learned and able speech in support of the bill, when motion of Mr. Pierce, the bill was informally passed over.

Mr. Dickinson presented the petition of Mr. Carver and others, for aid in the construction of a Railroad from the Mississippi to California, which was appropriately referred.

The Senate took up the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, and, after some discussion, concurred in the amendments recommended by the House.

The Vice President laid before the Senate a communication from Senator Breeze, of Ill., relating to the reduction of the Purchase Street tax on the part of the State of Illinois, and requested that the same be referred to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

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SATURDAY, Jan. 20.

IN SENATE. The bill for the establishment of a central government in Minnesota was defeated. Mr. Butler, King, Douglass, and others, and was finally adopted.

postage reduction bill then came up, on motion of Mr. Niles. Several amendments were introduced, and, after some discussion, concurred in, within thirty miles of each other.

The motions were debated by Messrs. Allen, Hamlin, and Wadsworth, when the subject was postponed to Monday next.

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MONDAY, Jan. 22.

IN SENATE. The Vice-President presented a memorial from the citizens of Brooklyn for the establishment of a Branch Mint in that city.

Mr. Dix presented the resolutions of the New Legislature instructing their Representatives against the Extension of Slavery in the Territories, against the Test claims of the Indians, and against the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia.

Mr. Dix moved that the bill be referred to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

Mr. Greeley rose and proceeded to explain his course.

Mr. Edwards much excited, declared Mr. Greeley's statement was unfounded in fact. He asserted that proof existed in that House showing that Mr. Greeley had justified the vote both in the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill. Various amendments were submitted—among them one by Mr. Greeley, proposing to deduct from the pay of Members during their absence, created considerable merit.

Mr. Greeley entered into a long speech.

Mr. Dix moved to amend the bill so as to deduct the pay of members who sit there and write editorials for newspapers; at which there was more laughter.

The amendment was finally put and lost.

The ten thousand dollars for purchasing Portraits of the Presidents of the United States for the ornamenting of the White House, was earnestly opposed by Mr. Andrew Johnson of Tenn., and was finally rejected.

During the consideration of the question an exciting scene occurred. Mr. T. O. Edwards of Ohio had read Mr. Greeley's statement in the Tribune to the effect that he had voted for those books under a mistake.

Mr. Greeley rose and proceeded to explain his course.

Mr. Edwards named Mr. Hudson of Mass., who detailed a conversation he had held with Mr. Greeley on a certain occasion, in which the latter had justified the appropriation for the books.

Mr. Dix made a similar statement of a conversation he had held with Mr. Greeley.

Mr. Putnam of New York, who had been referred to on the motion of Mr. Edwards, stated that he had read Mr. Greeley justify the Tribune.

Mr. Greeley explained—The scene over, the Committee rose and reported the bill to the House with the amendments. It was considered referred to the State Legislatures. It was considered referred to the State Legislatures.

The House then took up the resolutions to which they had been referred.

Mr. Schenck of Ohio moved that the amendment relative to mileage be rejected. On this motion the Yeas and Nays were demanded, and it was decided in the negative, only 84 voting in the affirmative. The other amendments were agreed to, when the bill was passed, and the House adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 24.

Among the Reports presented to the House, one was submitted by Mr. Hunt of New York, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, providing for the extinction of the Revenue Laws of the United States, over Alta California. The bill having been considered and formally read twice.

Mr. Hunt arose and said the Committee had instructed him to have the bill read a third time

without delay. After a few further remarks by Mr. H. explaining the necessity of its speedy passage, the bill was read through. It provides for the abolition of three ports of entry and the appointment of three collectors, and also for the trial of all cases arising under the Revenue Laws, in the Circuit Courts of Louisiana or Oregon.

Mr. Hall of Mo. made a few pertinent remarks in opposition to the bill. It favored commercial and manufacturing men, and not the people of California. First let them give the Californians a Government, and then it would be time enough to consider the Revenue Laws.

Mr. Davis of La., made a characteristic speech against printing the resolution. It was full of warmth and grotesque gestation. He thought that the union was in immediate danger. He said the South could not longer endure her grievances.

He had been asked what right the South had been deprived of. He replied—the right to reclaim fugitive slaves. This constitutional provision he said had become a dead letter.

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THE POET'S CORNER.

[For the Ploughman.]

A SONG OF THE SWORD.

The sword with tragedy is tired,
Women screaming, houses fired.
Uttered bodies mountains high,
And bloody rivers running by.

Sire, mother, sister, brother, child,
All in black sorrow blest,
So hurried their woes were wild—
Grave cloths our graves are lent.

The living graves? of dogs and birds,
Hide of the dead a part,
But poignancy too great for words,
More rends the bursting heart.

A feast of oxen enjoyed in hell,
Blasphemers, blind, attend,
Zeats that dark-dooms relish well,
When souls there find their end.

Baptism of blood, O' wars, are thine,
None other doth know;
Jehovah's ministers decline,
And Satan's overflow.

The death brings Red-Son of blood,
Gore, dropping it thy dress,
In thy hand was Noah's flood,
Red would its taint express.

Horses, garments, spattered red,
All marked with life that's flown,
By millions counted are thy dead,
The breath of life a gnon.

Death yawns for him who meres death,
Mercy's to them unknown;
They language no such word commands,
By blood thy mercy's shown.

Who falters is a traitor,
His business is to kill,
To human dash his soul to plant,
The beating heart to still.

J. C.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

What is the Charm?

A PLAIN STORY.

E. E. GATES SMITH.

Chapter First.

"Till and erect the maiden stands,
Like some young priestess of the wood,
With her hair in a plaited knot,
And botting still the wild and rude,—WHITTIER.

I wish Margaret Hunter had been a handmaiden; but she was not, and therefore will be thought unfit for a heroine. I wish she had been brilliant, witty, educated, and refined; but she was neither of the school, nor her story must be told, unfortunately. "Till we might draw upon the ideal, and, with the aid of a lively imagination, make the plain, quiet, diligent Margaret, a doric, spiritual creature, who awoke and inspired the dullest soul; but truth and correctness are better than all things beside, so poor Margaret's story must be told just as it was.

I could wish, too, that Margaret had not been the daughter of a poor widow, who had never "seen better days"; for, had the case been otherwise, had her mother retained relics of a polished life, vestiges of beauty worn and softened, and elevated by misfortune, a sympathy for my poor girl would have been at once established—but the truth must be told; and the truth is, the widow was poor, irritable, and blind of one eye. She had never been much above want, and had, moreover, those sharp angles both of temper and person so often found the attendants of labor and poverty. She had seen little, and rarely upon subjects disconnected with herself, and the little frictions that make up so much of a woman's existence. Her husband had been a man of cheerful, pious bent, who died leaving her with two children, girls, Margaret, the subject of our story, and Cordelia, who was two years older. The sisters were alike in beauty, but their affection for each other, the elation having inherited the father's beauty and vivacity of character, while Margaret was a pale silent worshiper of grace which nature had denied to herself.

The mother's heart was waned to her fairest child, and when an epidemic suddenly closed her life, grief and tears made such havoc upon her as to occasion blindness. Poor Margaret had no confidence in her own powers of consoling; her own heart too was waned at this heavy calamity; this loss which left her to toil and loneliness; for the graces of her sister had been to her like the song of birds, the loveliness of flowers, the inviting and halloving beauty of blue skies, like all things that refresh and console the heart; and now that she was gone, she could not even comfort her mother, her mother's words were but a language of complaint. But let us enter the dwelling of the widow, and listen to the dialogue, or rather the monologue of the matron, as a specimen of daily intercourse.

The widow sat near the open door spinning flax, upon what was called a "small-wheel," which is turned by a crank touched by the foot. To a person seated a little on one side, so that the outlines of the instrument were visible, she might have presented a most unfit representation of one of the Fates spinning the thread of human life, and he low hum of the wheel suggested a song of mystery and sadness; the wind stealing through the branches of the elm, and stirring the vine leaves, breathed aside the gray locks from her thin temples, while a straggling sunbeam sharpened the outlines of her shrunken face, with the lips parted by thought which were too few to give birth, but regret. The entire loss of eye caused her to bend her head at one side, giving her the appearance of intense and absorbed attention.

Margaret was seated near the open window with needle in hand, and so still were all her motions, that she seemed more like a piece of machinery put in motion than anything possessed of flesh and blood. Her look was not that of unhappiness, but simply quiescence; the eyes, though dimmed by age, were bright, and the glint of her face would have convinced an observer that few emotions had ever stirred at her heart. Gray eyes, under brows arched with oriental nicely, gave a softness to a face otherwise severe from its paleness and firmly defined outline.

The nose was somewhat high, the lips, evenly defined and closing naturally, were not full nor bright in color, and the smile which did not prove to be insincere, but a mere play of the mouth, was too faint to be noticed.

"Well, I don't know really I'm blind, and—
and—so ugly, and stupid," said the widow.

"You never talk!" asked the doctor, looking up suddenly to Margaret's face.

"Not often," she replied, and was again silent.

"Well, that is strange," he mused.

"Not at all," cried the mother. "What could she say?"

"That is true, mother," answered the girl.

"But then I have so many thoughts, that I often wish I could talk; and sometimes wish for beauty, and then people would be willing to look at me."

The doctor dropped his knife and his jaw at the same time, and stared so at Margaret, that she laughed and colored to the eyes.

"Well," he answered, "if that isn't about as honest a speech as I ever heard, and well put, too."

"Yes," she answered, in the same quiet tone.

"I'm ashamed for you, Margaret," cried the widow. "You are nearer fool than I thought for."

"I dare say," was the reply. "But, mother, I have thought, when I hear you talk, that to me or to be loved must be a very solemn and beautiful thing."

The mother lifted her eyes from the thread she was twisting, and looked somewhat intently upon the face of her daughter.

"What is it, mother?" said the latter, who was aware of the severe scrutiny she was undergoing.

"I was thinking, Margaret, and wondered if you knew how very ugly you are, and if you did know, whether you would feel bad about it."

"No, mother, I'm not bad."

"Well, that is so strange; you are very ugly, too, Margaret, and bad tempered."

"I am sorry, mother," responded the girl, without lifting her eyes or moving a muscle.

"Well," continued the mother. "When I was at your age, I should have been mad enough had anybody told me I was ugly."

"That was because you had sometimes been called handsome, and people admired you."

"That is true—I was always called handsome. I might have had three or four others at the time I came into the family."

Margaret was silent, and so was the widow's wheel axle, and then the wheel and the tongue went on again; for the old and the wise had caught a glimpse of the fairy bud of youth, where were blossoms, and freshness, and verdure—love—aye, love, the bliss and the bane of a woman's life; and now that the vision faded, she turned the wheel heavily once more, if loth to take up the burden of age, and grief, and solitude.

"Margaret, it's strange you never had an admirer."

"I am ugly and bad tempered, mother."

"That is true—but even Polly Hart, who is half an idiot, has a lover, and Jane Baxter, who is much uglier, is going to marry the minister. Oh! Cordelia was so beautiful—that she lived, she would have made some grand marriage, and I don't think I should Boaz, nor King David, nor Solomon."

"Well, Margaret Hunter, you're read and smart, and now I keep still if I were you," retorted the girl.

"Aye," continued the mother, "her name was so lovely, too—your father took it out of a book called Shakespeare, and he used to tell how the girl in the book loved her old father, and staid by him when he was old and blind, just as Cordelia would have staid by me."

There was a tear in Margaret's lid, so that she could hardly see her needle, and she whispered—

"And—she as I will, dear mother."

"But then Cordelia was so beautiful, and her voice so low—just like the girl's in the book I never could tell her Dely, somehow—though I often call you Peggy, but then you are not at all like Cordelia."

Margaret sewed on, and the wheel was silent again; for the phantom of buried affection came to the mind's eye of the widow—she was again loving and beloved, listening to the bird tones of her lovely and lost—but these recede again, she is old and widowed, and her shriveled hands hardly hold the spokes of the past. "The wheel goes its weary round, the thread gathers upon the spindle, but the flux upon the distaff is well nigh spent."

Chapter Second.

"I am not good, and I am ugly; but for the effusiveness of a woman's birth—Just rescued our distant earth."—ALDRICH.

At another time the mother and daughter were sewing somewhat as we have described them, except that the shadows of twilight were closing out the warm redness of a summer sky, and the wheel of the mother was pushed aside, and the girl's work lay idly upon her knee, for the light was too faint for her occupation.

"I am thinking, Margaret, you never read to me except out of the Bible. Your father and Cordelia both liked books, and read such sweet stories—and I never talk either."

"I am very stupid, dear mother. I can do nothing agreeable—only work."

"Yes, you seem made fit for—some use. Cordelia was so different. Why do you never read anything but the bible?"

Margaret cast a sad look around the barren apartment, which contained not a single volume except the one held sacred, and replied softly.

"We are poor, dear mother, and must read that which will keep us nearest to our duty.—Let me tell you a story, though I fear I shall tell it poorly."

"It cannot be otherwise, Margaret; you are so little talent; but let me hear it;" and she leaned her head against the back of the chair to listen.

A painful blush flitted over the face of the poor girl as she commenced. "There was once a poor widow travelling into a distant country to seek friends, whom she had known in the early part of her life. The widow had nothing in the way of clothing, both hands being calloused and disfigured, and her story must be told, unfortunately. "Till we might draw upon the ideal, and, with the aid of a lively imagination, make the plain, quiet, diligent Margaret, a doric, spiritual creature, who awoke and inspired the dullest soul; but truth and correctness are better than all things beside, so poor Margaret's story must be told just as it was.

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"I am sorry, mother," responded the girl, without lifting her eyes or moving a muscle.

"Well," continued the mother. "When I was at your age, I should have been mad enough had anybody told me I was ugly."

"So it must be," cried the doctor. "I never thought of it before."

"Well, doctor," renewed the widow, "if I was going to speak my mind plainly, I should say that you were well nigh as stupid as Margaret."

The doctor did not laugh heartily this time;

on the contrary, he sank into deep thought, and in his fit of abstraction rolled particles of bread up into a heap of little pills, each in size and color resembling those called "sympathetic pills." At length he looked at Margaret again, and asked—

"Don't you think you could die of love for me?"

Jane, Dickson, my medical student! His a hand-and-youth, Margaret!"

"That is true—but even Polly Hart,

she is half an idiot,

and Jane Baxter,

she is much uglier,

and Jane Baxter,

she is much uglier,